

## PROLOGVE.

Florish.

**N**EW Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,  
Much follow'd both, for both much money g'yn,  
If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play  
(Whose modest Sceanes blushe on his marriage day,  
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir  
That after holy Tye, and first nights stir  
Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines  
More of the maid to sight, than Husbands paines;  
We pray our Play may be so; For I am sure  
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,  
A learned, and a Poet never went  
More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent.  
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,  
There constant to Eternity it liues;  
If we let fall the Noblenesse of this,  
And the first sound this child heare, be a hisse,  
How will it shake the bones of that good man,  
And make him cry from under ground, O fan  
From me the wittles chaffe of such a wrighter (lighter  
That blastes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes  
Then Robin Hood? This is the feare we bring;  
For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,  
And too ambitious to aspire to him;  
Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim  
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out  
Your helping hands, and we shall take about,  
And something doe to save us: You shall heare  
Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare  
Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet sleepe:  
Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,  
A little dull time from us, we perceave  
Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave.

Florish.



## The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Actus Primus.

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before singing, and strewing Flowres: After Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then Theseus betweene two other Nymphs with wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then Hipolita the Bride, lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia holding up her Traine.

The Song.

Musike.

**R**oses their sharpe spines being gon,  
Not royall in their smiles alone,  
But in their hew.

Maiden Pinckes, of odour faint,  
Dazies smel-lesse, yet most quaint  
And sweet Time true.

Prim-rose first borne, child of Ver,  
Merry Spring times Herbinge,  
With her bells dimme.

Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,  
Mary-golds, on death beds bloming,  
Larkes-heeles trymme.

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